

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Premier's Visit

WE LISTENED to the address of Ramsay MacDonald before the Pilgrim society in New York just before he sailed for home. It was a moving appeal for sustaining accord between England and the United States; and the listener could not escape the conclusion that the visit of the premier of Great Britain with President Roosevelt had done much to build up that accord for the difficult days of negotiation which lie ahead.

As we heard the great leader of a great nation tell in simple language of his visit in the White House, and of how the two men sat through the night considering the common problems of the nations we reflected on the difference between this visit and those with which the old world was long familiar. For there have long been journeys from one capital to another, when the head of a government made a social call on the head of another. But that was the progress of royalty; and the matters which were considered were chiefly those affecting dynasties. Princes and princesses were mated at these fireplace conversations. The fate of principalities was taken up, mere pawns in the game of dynastic politics. Alliances in preparation for the next wars were cemented. But whoever heard, when kings visited kings, with all the panoply of royalty, that the welfare of their subjects was given first consideration?

It was different at Washington, when MacDonald and Roosevelt broke bread together. There was not a conniving at offensive and defensive alliances. They did not discuss their personal fortunes, or seek advantageous marriage alliances for members of their families. Instead their great hearts were bursting with concern over the welfare of men and women everywhere. Pride and ambition were in the background. Facing them at every turn was the need for saving civilization, saving the social order, preserving the physical and spiritual welfare of peoples. To this problem and its many ramifications they addressed themselves.

In this day of reversion to dictatorships which point almost inevitably to re-establishment of kings and dynasties, it is heartening to see two leaders of great, free peoples, who still believe in the virtue of the democratic experiment, sitting down together before the White House grates, where Lincoln sat, and Wilson, taking lunch together, sleeping under the same roof tree; and deliberating over how they may supply the leadership which it is their personal responsibility to supply to their countries and to the world, at this time of crisis.

Essential Activities

BUDGET DIRECTOR DOUGLAS has assured Oregon senators that there are no plans for curtailing federal appropriations for agricultural research and extension, that there is no plan to curtail essential activities. That is hardly satisfying for the definition of "essential activities" is not given. So long as cuts are the order of the day there is nothing sacred about these several functions which government has assumed that should prevent their sharing in reductions. The whole agricultural department has grown and expanded unduly; and ought to be reorganized on a more economical basis.

In the particular field of research and experimentation however this work should be carried on with as adequate support as conditions will allow. Here we have a really essential activity. The development of specialized crops has called for specialized investigations so the producers will know best how to select varieties, conduct growing operations, fight pests and diseases, and handle harvesting and marketing. This work is based on continuous studies and cannot well be dropped for a year or two and then resumed.

The county agent is one who brings directly to the farmers the results of this research and experimentation together with the fund of practical knowledge which he acquires in his daily work. That this office is justifying itself appears evident from the fact that in Oregon all the counties that have had farm agents retained them, at the insistence of farmers themselves, with only one or two exceptions.

We are not so enthusiastic over part of the agricultural extension program however. We recall one time a good many years ago we lived in a small city in Washington, and one of these home demonstration agents came to town and got all the women busy at dress making. Her particular hobby was to teach them to make dress forms; and soon every other house had one of those black betseys in the back bedroom or sewing room to gather dust until it should go the inevitable trail to the dump along with busted alarm clocks and punctured tire casings.

Then another one came to town and taught the ladies home-made millinery. That was an impertinent invasion of private business; but the worst of it all was to expect women to wear the creations of their own handwork. That was a social crime of magnitude; and even men should be spared such eyecores. Of course that seance was soon forgotten and the women went back to their milliners and got hats they weren't ashamed to appear in.

Now is as good a time as any to put the whole works through a sieve. What is really worth while should be saved; and what isn't should be taken off the public payroll.

The impending abandonment of passenger service on the Oregon Electric is merely bowing to the inevitable. Time was when the ten trains a day between here and Portland catered to a fine patronage. But that time has passed and will not return. The private automobile carries most of the travel nowadays, and the stage lines take care of those without cars. For longer journeys railroad trains are still necessary; and probably will continue to be necessary though there will have to be a revival of patronage to make them profitable. The interurban electric has died so joyfully a quarter century ago, are fast passing into the discard.

Is Roosevelt merely playing a smart political game? Is he just running with the hare and leaving the dog behind only to join the hounds of more conservative practices when he gets all these bills enacted? That result would not be at all surprising. If the psychology of the "new deal" goes across and people just get some fresh courage and confidence it would not be necessary for him to debase the gold dollar and socialize industry and agriculture.

While the inflationist senators of the democratic party are abusing Ogden Mills, former secretary of the treasury, for his open efforts to preserve the content of the dollar, the greatest democratic senator in the party, the author of the federal reserve act, himself a former secretary of the treasury under Woodrow Wilson, Carter Glass, announces his breaking with Roosevelt and the democrats on the inflation proposal. Conservative democrats like Glass are just as apprehensive over devaluing the dollar as conservative republicans.

The Forest Primeval



Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

A NEW DEPRESSION CURE

The ever ingenious Mr. Clint Haight of the Blue Mountain Eagle has a cure for the nation's ills, which is to quit having children until 1933. Here is what he claims for his original if somewhat startling plan:

There are too many people in this cockeyed country. If there are 12 million without a job, it's a cinch that there are 12 million too many. Instead of having too many hogs and too much wheat and too much corn, we got "too much" people. The crop must be cut down. No more kids until 1933 should be the slogan. Current production of people; we have an over supply with six men to one job. If we could quit raising children we could balance the school tax budget.

If we had no more children the school tax problem would settle itself all right, but we fear this would not remedy unemployment for a million teachers would be thrown onto the labor market, and the scarcity of new babies would not reduce the army of job seekers for at least 15 years. Meanwhile with fewer mouths to eat food over-production would be worse than ever.

And as an afterthought, has Mr. Haight thought of any way to put his plan into practical operation? —Baker Democrat-Herald.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer Liquor fights:

(Continuing from yesterday:) This, as mentioned in the foregoing, is the excerpt from the 1873 Salem Directory:

"The legislature of the provisional government elected in 1845 revised the organic law, and, having made provision for the election of a governor instead of the triple executive in the original organization, said legislature also provided for submitting their proposed amendments to the people at a special election appointed by law for that purpose, and then adjourned till after the voice of the people should have been expressed upon the proposed amendments."

"In the first organic law, the legislature was empowered, among other duties, to REGULATE the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, and as there was a strong sentiment in the settlement in favor of the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic existing at that time, the legislature deemed it best to refer that question directly to the people, and therefore recommended that REGULATE should be struck out from, and PROHIBIT inserted in the organic law."

New Views

"What do you think of the treatment given Judge Bradley by the Iowa farmers?" Statesman reporters asked yesterday.

Miss Maria Wilson, Red Cross worker: "I don't think much of it."

E. T. Barkus, grain dealer: "That doesn't seem right. I've never liked violence. No, I don't think that was right."

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

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United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health,
New York City

"NAVY FINDS half of recruits physically unfit."
"Malnutrition up 55 per cent in schools in five years."

These are headlines I saw in one paper only a few days ago. They indicate conditions that are discouraging.

There are those who boast that the death rate and the sickness rate are unusually low. They are right. They are glad of it. But we would be foolish indeed to imagine that the future is bright as regards health conditions.

Just as sure as fate the undernourishment, the malnutrition of children, will lead to tuberculosis and other ailments. The percentage of physically unfit in the next generation will be higher than the navy finds it today.

Foundation for Adult Health

The foundation of adult health is laid in infancy and childhood. The strong teeth and sturdy bones, the tissues resistant to disease, the determination of long life—all these depend on the favorable conditions of early life.

With every passing year we add to our knowledge of how to live. The research scientists are at work, day and night, to solve those things that have been mysterious heretofore. It is our business, as sensible men and women, to take advantage of the new knowledge. Every parent must master and apply it.

There is no secret about how to order our affairs to give us long life. The rules are simple.

Proper food, rightly eaten; an abundance of sleep; fresh air, day and night; exercise in the sunlight; plenty of water, outside and in; a

contented mind. That is the whole program!

You do not need riches, a scientific mind or sagacity, to be a well, strong, happy person. But you can't hope to have any of them if you neglect the simple rules of hygiene.

You know my old saying: "You live on one-third of what you eat and the doctors live on the other two-thirds!" Most of us eat entirely too much. In consequence, the stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys are asked to do far more than their normal capacity permits.

The elimination is delayed. Poisons are dammed up within the body and health is sure to suffer.

Unless the food is well chosen it does not supply the iron required by the blood. It lacks the other minerals and vitamins so intimately related to life and vigor.

The fact that the navy finds so many physically unfit is proof that we have not profited by what we learned in the examination of our military recruits at the beginning of the war. Let us begin now to correct our evil habits. By all means let us feed the children so that the percentage of malnutrition will constantly fall.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. A. M. Q.—What causes the hands to swell and burn when washing clothes, after which a rash appears and is very itchy?

A.—This may be due to a form of eczema. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and request your question.

I. K. S. Q.—What do you advise for enlarged tonsils?

A.—Try using hot and cold compresses alternately for fifteen minutes night and morning.

I. S. Q.—I have read that a two-second foot bath in either kerosene or gasoline would completely eradicate "athlete's foot." Would this be safe or advisable? What would you suggest?

A.—There can be no objection to trying. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and request your question.

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"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Faith, comely young orphan, is secretary to Mark Webb, wealthy business man. She gives up her position to marry Kimberley Farrell, shifless young lawyer. Mary Faith believes that loving a man hard enough will make everything come out all right in the end. It was this confidence that enabled her to marry Kim after he had once broken their engagement. She realizes he has an eye for every girl, but hopes that married life will sober him and make him successful in his profession. Instead, Kim is annoyed at Mary Faith's "Puritanism," and his jazy friends, Claire and Jack Maldon, find her a dull companion. Learning that she is to become a mother, Mary Faith, for the first time, visits Kim's office. Kim is furious when Mary Faith finds him flirting with his blond secretary. That night he informs his mother and Mary Faith that he is leaving. Mary Faith heartbroken at this turn of affairs, decides not to tell Kim of her coming motherhood. She and Mrs. Farrell decide to struggle to keep the home for the coming baby. Mary Faith obtains a position as typist. She refuses to accede to Kim's request for a divorce and asks him to wait six months before carrying out his desire. As the bells are ringing in the New Year, Mary Faith's son is born. Kim, informed of this event, returns home and becomes, for a time, a proud and happy father. Kim is restored to his old position which he had lost due to money irregularities.

CHAPTER XXVIII

There had been a great deal of discussion about the baby's name. Mary Faith and Mrs. Farrell wanted him named Kimberley, of course. Every boy ought to have his father's name, they maintained. But Kim was for something plain and short and solid, like John or Bill.

"There ought to be a law against hanging names like Kimberley and Livingston and Percival on boys," he had told them. "When I was a kid I used to have to fight in the schoolyard about once a week with somebody or other who'd made fun of my name."

Mary Faith took the cup out of its white pasteboard box as soon as Claire had gone. It was made of hammered silver and it had two little round handles. On one side of it was engraved: "For little Kim from his Aunt Claire."

"I wonder where his Uncle Jack comes in," Mrs. Farrell said dryly, as she looked at it. "I suppose he just says the bill, eh?"

That night at dinner she told Kim about the cup.

"Your friend, Mrs. Maldon, brought the baby a present today," she said, making a face as if the beef broth she was drinking was very bitter. "She brought him a cup—and he not able to hold his own bottle yet! Why didn't she bring him a carriage cover or something useful, I'd like to know. . . . My, but I do dislike that woman!"

"I saw a cup the other day that I'd have liked to buy for the baby, myself," said Kim. "It had two handles, to make it easy to hold, and the silver that it was made of was hammered so that it wouldn't show any dents even if the baby did throw it on the floor. . . . Babies do throw everything on the floor, don't they, when they're peevish?"

Neither Mary Faith nor his mother answered him. They were staring at each other across the table.

Kim looked from one to the other of them.

"What's the matter with you two?" he asked.

Mary Faith got up and opened the top drawer of the sideboard. From it she took the white box. She set it down before him on the table and opened it. Within it was the little two-handled cup of hammered silver.

She lifted it out without saying a word and set it on the tablecloth.

He began to laugh. "Well, I'll be doggoned," he said. "You've got me with the goods this time, haven't you?—Let me tell you both what



"I wouldn't trust that Mrs. Maldon any farther than I could throw an elephant by the tail," Mrs. Farrell remarked.

happened; I was walking down Spring Street the other day and when should I run into but Claire. She was on her way to the Pig's Whistle to get a bit of lunch and so was I. So we went there together, and afterward we were looking into Armbruster's window and we saw this little cup. She must have gone in after I left her and bought it."

He picked it up and put it back into the box.

"I suppose I ought to have said something about it," his voice ran on, "but I forgot all about it. After all it wasn't anything to remember, was it?—Having lunch with the wife of one of your friends? We thought Jack might join us there. He eats lunch there himself almost every day."

He raised his eyes and looked across the table at Mary Faith.

"You aren't sore, are you?"

"Why, of course not, Kim. Why would I be angry?—You have a perfect right to have lunch with Claire if you want to."

And then they began to talk about something else and the matter of the cup was forgotten.

But the next morning Mrs. Farrell brought it up again while she watched Mary Faith washing out the baby's little flannels in the bathroom bowl.

"I wouldn't trust that Mrs. Maldon any farther than I could throw an elephant by the tail," she remarked from her seat on the rim of the bathtub. "I wouldn't be surprised to find out that she had asked Kimberley to take her to lunch. You take a woman like that, who has a lot of time on her hands, and nine times out of ten she's just the kind that goes around having love affairs with her husband's friends or with any other good-looking man that she takes a fancy to."

Mary Faith shook her dark glossy head as she wrung the baby's little nightgowns out of the fluffy soap suds.

"I'm not worrying about Claire Maldon, Mother. Farrell," she answered, "or about any other woman, these days. Why Kim's home before six almost every night and he's as settled and as sober as a judge lately. I don't believe he has anything but business on his mind."

On the first of April the firm gave him a salary raise of ten dollars a week.

cause they were enacted by a body that was without authority, for the same reason.

The legislature of 1845 therefore sat and passed laws until July 6, and then adjourned till August 6, in order to allow an election. It was held, and the vote down all that had been done to date. That election was held the last Saturday in July, the 26th, and the affirmative vote was overwhelming, 255 to 22.

Thus clothed with full "constitutional" authority, according to American tradition, the little 1845 legislature of 13 members met pursuant to adjournment on Aug. 6. Momentous issues were decided by that body of 13 men. The people had confirmed the number as "not less than 13 and not more than 61." At the first session, Applegate had prepared a new oath of office, reading: "I do solemnly swear that I will support the organic laws of the provisional government of Oregon, as far as they are consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States or a subject of Great Britain, and faithfully demean myself in office, so help me God."

This form of oath was framed for the purpose of securing allegiance of the Hudson's Bay Company's forces, for therefore they had refused to recognize the provisional government. A bitter feud had been growing, and Americans had "jumped" the claim of that company across the Columbia, surrounding old Fort Vancouver, and there were open threats among the settlers coming in the covered wagon trains to destroy that fort. Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of that ancient and great concern, virtually an arm of the British government, and operating under the aegis of its laws enacted by parliament, had taken cognizance of these threats, had reported them to the London office of his company, and

"Seventy smackers now for you two to throw around every week of your lives!" he told his mother and Mary Faith when he came home with the news. "That ought to buy the baby shoes every now and then, eh what?" He twinkled with satisfaction and pride.

"Or some new clothes for me and Mary Faith," said his mother. "We're like a couple of scarecrows."

"Yes, but we hardly ever go out—and when we do we go in the car and nobody sees us. It's Kim who needs new clothes right now. His spring overcoat is faded and worn around the cuffs and pockets—and appearance is everything to a man. He must look successful or he never gets anywhere in his work," Mary Faith put in. "So I think Kim ought to get himself a new overcoat before the rest of us even think of new clothes."

But the next week Mrs. Farrell went downtown on a shopping trip and came home with a new hat of king's blue felt that brought out all the hollows and shadows of her face.

"I took five dollars out of the housekeeping money and bought myself this hat," she confessed to Mary Faith when she came home.

"I had to go up to see Dr. Thatcher and I had to go in that gray hat of mine. I've worn that hat every time I've gone up there for the last three years."

She went downtown once every three or four weeks, and Mary Faith had noticed that when she came home she always spoke of having seen Dr. Thatcher. And yet, so far as she knew, he never sent her a bill. Moreover she had no illness that she ever spoke of.

"Don't you think it's high time that Dr. Thatcher sent us a bill, Mother Farrell?" she asked now. "The baby is almost four months old. Next time you go down to his office perhaps you ought to say something to him about it."

Her mother-in-law shook her head in its gay new hat.

"No, Hild," she said. "He's not ready to," she replied, overhauling at a thorough overhauling at Mary Faith. And sometimes she doesn't send us a bill for a whole year. We must owe him money for years back. Every now and again I send him a little on account."

(To Be Continued)

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Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 29, 1908

Commencement exercises at Willamette university will receive the first impetus tonight when the College of Medicine will send forth its quota of graduates. Former U. S. Senator John M. Gearin has been secured to deliver the graduating address.

The steamer Pomona arrived here last night on her first trip after a thorough overhauling at Portland, looking much like a new boat. The Oregon will now go to Portland for repairs and will be relieved by the Ruta.

Governor George E. Chamberlain will open his campaign tonight at St. John, where he will deliver the first speech of the June contest. H. M. Chike, his opponent, left Portland last night for Coos bay, where he will inaugurate his stumping tour.

April 29, 1923

Judge P. H. D'Arcy is to be the principal speaker at the chamber of commerce Chambers anniversary program and luncheon Monday noon. He will give several minutes of interesting talk on old Oregon.

Willamette won the track meet with Salem Indian school Saturday afternoon by a wide margin of two points to one. Allen Shepard of Chemawa, was high point man of the meet with 13 points.

asked for armed protection—and his petition had been denied, and he had been curtly told that he must rely upon his own resources to avert the threatened trouble.